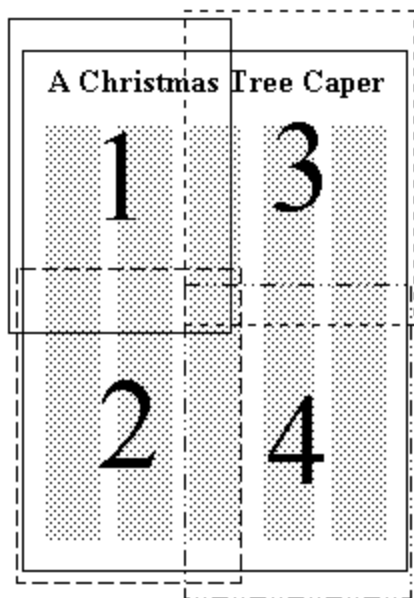


NOTE: This newspaper appearance was divided and enlarged to fill 8 ½" x 11" pages, roughly in the manner shown below.



TERRY



AN UNEVENTFUL FLIGHT BACK TO THE CITY AND NOW, ALONE IN HER HOTEL ROOM, SPRUCE WEARILY TRIES TO SHUT OUT OF HER MIND THE NIGHTMARE SHE'S LIVED THROUGH.

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HERE'S MY PLACE, TERRY...HEY! GOT A DOWNRIGHT INCONVENIENT PROBLEM THE TRUE BLUE SPORTSMAN'S CODE OF ETHICS...



POET CORNERED

By JACK RITCHIE

(Copyright 1955 by News Syndicate Co. Inc.)

"JERRY," Philippa Nichols said. "Did you know that Cleve Knight was born right here in town?" Jerry Nichols turned the page of his newspaper. "I went to school with him."

"He has such a beautiful voice and he's known practically all over the state. Amy Hawkins is having him over to her house for a poetry reading and he's going to do some of his own works too." Philippa changed the thread on her needle. "What was he like in school, Jerry?"

"Very fragile, but he drank tea with a verve."

"That's not very descriptive, Jerry. I mean could you tell that some day he was going to be something?"

"I suspected it." Jerry put the newspaper on his lap and refilled his pipe.

"Has he still got the wave in his hair?"

Philippa reached into the sewing basket for another thimble. "The trouble with you, Jerry, is that you are distinctly small town."

"Right," Jerry said. "Rude, uncultured and unlettered." He picked up the newspaper and grinned behind it. "Say, did you know that they're considering tearing up Main Street for a new sewage system? About time, I'd say."

"That's exactly what I mean," Philippa said. "And here I am discussing poetry." After a while she decided to talk again. "I'm supposed to invite you too."

"I'll be there," Jerry said.

Philippa looked at him. "Mr. Hawkins is going bowling. All the other husbands are going bowling." Jerry studied the results of the

At 7 o'clock the next evening, Philippa stopped her husband before he put his thumb to the Hawkins' doorbell. "Now promise to be intelligent, dear. And I think the best way to do that might be to keep your mouth shut."

They walked into the excited murmurings of the Hawkins living room. Approximately 15 eager ladies were present.

Mr. Hawkins sat lonely in one corner.

The apprehension left his eyes when he saw Jerry. "For a horrible 15 minutes I entertained the thought that you had no intention of showing up."

Amy Hawkins came into the living room with Cleve Knight. Mr. Knight was tall and thin and he wore a tweed jacket. He faltered a fraction of a step when he saw Hawkins and Jerry.

"Ladies, Mrs. Hawkins said, her voice raised for attention. "Ladies, if you will all please take your seats. Mr. Knight is prepared to begin."

Mr. Cleve Knight walked to one end of the room. He faced his audience with his fingertips lightly together and waited for silence.

HE TOOK A BOOK FROM HIS POCKET

Once that was achieved, he took a small book from his pocket. For about a half an hour, he read selections from the Lake Poets. When

numbness pains my sense. But I don't think it's long enough. Why don't you add a few more stanzas, starting with something like, 'Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!'"

Mr. Knight licked his lips.

"That's good, Jerry," Hawkins said. "But I preferred the second one. 'The sea is calm tonight. The tide is full, the moon lies fair upon the straits.' That's what I call poetry. It sort of reminds me of a beach in England. Dover, maybe?"

Mr. Knight consulted his watch. "I really believe I must run along."

"But we have creamed chicken," Mrs. Hawkins said.

"Don't go, Cleve," Jerry said. "I haven't had this much culture since I belonged to the poetry club in high school."

"And I was president. Did you know that, Amy?" Hawkins asked.

"Care for a cigar, Jerry?"

"Don't mind if I do."

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He went to the modest Nichol bookcase and took out a pocket edition of a volume of verses.

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"That's exactly what I mean," Philippa said. "And here I am discussing poetry." After a while she decided to talk again. "I'm supposed to invite you too."

"I'll be there," Jerry said.

Philippa looked at him. "Mr. Hawkins is going bowling. All the other husbands are going bowling."

Jerry studied the results of the high school basketball game.

"They're serving creamed chicken and tomato aspic. I know you detest them."

"I'll bring sandwiches." He stretched and got up. "I think I'll go out and look at the garden tools. Maybe I'll think up a good quatrain or two."

His neighbor, Pete Hawkins, was painting the winter-weathered fence separating their back yards. Jerry used the drier parts of his sodden lawn as stepping-stones and made his way over.

HAWKINS ASKED ABOUT BOWLING

Hawkins looked up. "It's bowling for you and me tomorrow night. Do we use your car or mine?"

"You are an errant coward," Jerry said.

"Even worse than that. I'm yellow."

Jerry selected a part of the fence not yet painted and leaned on it. "I'm made of sterner stuff. I'm going to be there listening and appreciating on all four cylinders. I suggest that you could use uplifting too."

"Suggest that again and I'll cleave thee from nave to chops."

"Pretty good," Jerry said. "Cleave, cleave." He studied the Hawkins brush technique. "At this moment I'm thinking that I saved your life on Okinawa and why?"

"Sure, but what have you done for me this year?"

"I'm appealing to you as a friend. And besides, you're going to have to buy your own lawnmower this year if you aren't there."

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a blackmailing neighbor. You've convinced me and I'll be there." He gazed at the sky. "How do I hate thee? Let me count the ways."

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Once that was achieved, he took a small book from his pocket. For about a half an hour, he read selections from the Lake Poets. When he was finished there was a reverent hush.

"Mr. Knight," one of the ladies said finally. "That was beautifully read. Beautifully."

Mr. Knight nodded modestly.

"Do you think," she went on brightly, "that there is any basic resemblance between Wordsworth and Shelley?"

Mr. Knight smiled at the ceiling while he formulated an answer.

"None at all," Mr. Hawkins said. "I saw pictures of them both and they don't look a bit alike."

"One was taller than the other," Jerry said. "Or was it the other way round?"

They became the focus of their wives' glares and subsided. Mr. Knight, red spots of irritation in his cheeks, answered the lady's question.

"Mr. Knight," Amy Hawkins said, after there were no more questions. "Won't you please read some of your own works? I know we've all been looking forward to hearing them."

Mr. Knight glanced uncertainly at Jerry and Hawkins and then brought out a sheaf of papers from his breast pocket. He read two selections and when he was through he drew a concerted exhalation of appreciation from his audience.

"That's the stuff I like to hear," Hawkins said. "Something with a beat."

"I liked the first one especially," Jerry said. "The one that starts, 'My heart aches, and a drowsy

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She stared at him a moment and then did as she was told. She looked up at him when she finished and he opened the book to another page. "And this," he said.

When she was through, her eyes were incredulous. "Why, he stole his poems."

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THE END.

FOOD LINES

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IF I'M GOING TO COMPETE WITH SPRUCE FOR YOU LIKE A LADY, I CAN'T EVEN INVITE YOU TO KISS ME GOODNIGHT — AND I'D FEEL PRETTY SILLY SHAKING HANDS.

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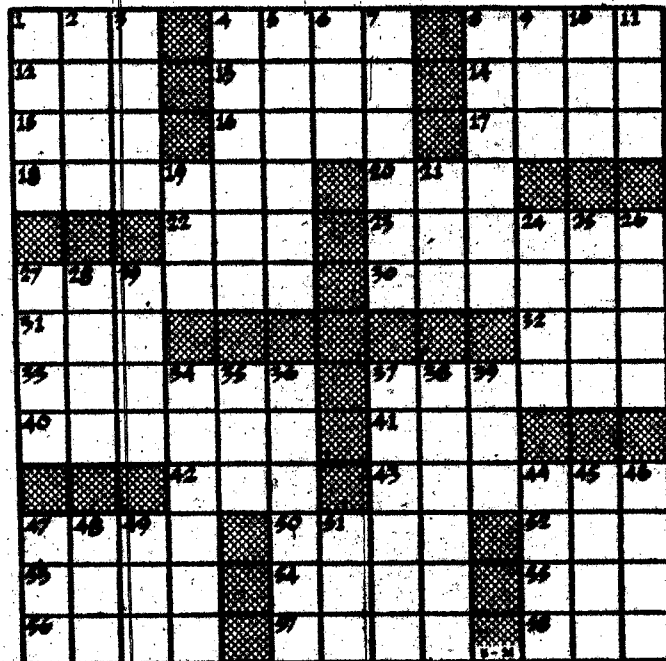
CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. Undeveloped flower
4. Magician's stick
8. Card game
12. Before
13. Opposite of a weather
14. Spoken
15. Turkish officer
16. Roman date
17. Fury
18. Tell
20. Old musical note
22. By means of
23. Treat
27. Challengers
30. Surgical instrument
31. Wing
32. American Indian
33. Antics
37. Aftersongs
40. Ensnare
41. Boy
42. Timber tree
43. Wreath
47. In addition
50. Slave
52. Anger
53. Comfort
54. Bobbin
55. Variety of lettuce
56. Old
57. Corrodes
58. Worm

DOWN

1. Endure
2. Press
3. Bargain
4. Table attendant
5. Shrubs
6. Born
7. Abandon
8. Search for food
9. Macaw
10. Shred of cloth
11. Palm leaf
19. Monkey
21. Gaelic sea god
24. Footless animal
25. Recent
26. Son of Seth
27. Fresh-water fish
28. Wolfhound
29. Engrossed
34. Rubbed out
35. Short-napped fabric
36. Globe
37. Kite
38. Jury lists
39. Harem room
44. Gaming tubes
45. Cupid
46. Botch
47. Edible seed
48. Loiter
49. Employ
51. Ocean



(Answer to puzzle on page 17)

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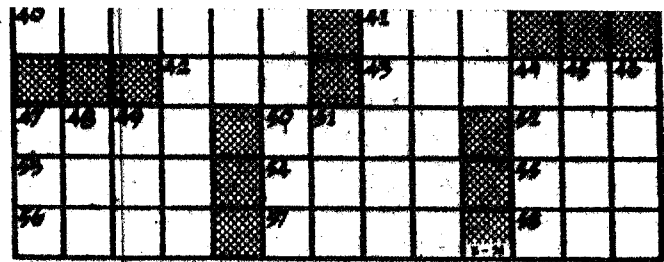
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After we had settled in our new home, a neighbor called. She admired our provincial furniture. "Oh, thank you, I just can't stand that modern stuff, all squares and angles," I said. Visiting her several

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INTRODUCING

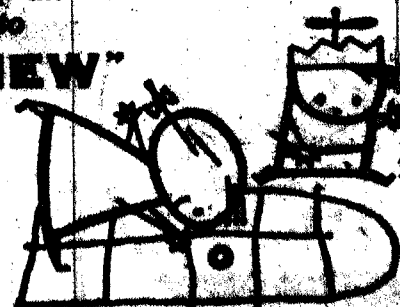
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